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AN

ELEGY

On the much Lamented Death of Mr *Harriſon*, the Banker who departed this Life the 4*th*. Day of *July* 1725.

GREAT Harriſon is Dead, Lament Hibernians all,
That Death ſhould give ſo great a Man a fall.
In bills Exchang'd, none cou'd with him keep Pace,
The only Creſſus of the Bankers Race;
In Vitues ſacred Paths he walk'd at Eaſe,
Striving his King and Country ſtill to pleaſe,
Muſt then my Muſe Rich Harriſon, Die;
And not afford him one poor ELEGY.
To the Orphan, Widow, and the Fatherleſs,
He always gave to ſave them from Diſtreſs.
As Wittneſs he, who now enjoys his Store,
Not but his generous Soul deſerved more.
His gentle Spirit, ſure will gain him Praiſe,
Tho' once in Arm, he now ſhall live at Eaſe.
No more of him, but to his Sire turn
And ſtraight Conduct him to his ſilent Urn,
There levil him equal with the Duſt,
As is the Pious, Godly and the Juſt,
And lay him there beneath the Marbe Stone,
To wait upon the Reſurection.
When he with joy ſhall riſe out of the Ground,
To meet the Son of God, at Trumpet ſound.
Not he alone, a Debtor was to Death,
But all Mankind that liveth on the Earth,
Remember therefore Death no Bribe will have,
Nor Bail, but hurry all into the Grave.
Againſt his Summons, ſee you do provide,
And beg of God to be your daily Guide.

Epitaph

Here lies of Bankers, Irelands Pride,
As brave a Man as ever Dy'd,
Tranſlated now from this vile Earth
To Heav'n, from whence he had his Birth.
Stay Paſſenger, Stay, pray caſt an Eye
For as thou art, ſo once was I,
And as I am, ſo muſt you be,
Memento Mori, when this you ſee.